





To the Right vvorshipful his singular good
Uncle Maister William Plumbe Esquire,
Iosuah Siluester wisheth (in this life) his godly hearts
desire : and (in the life to come) a crowne of
immortalitie among the
Lords elect.



Orsomuch as (Right vvor-
shipfull) the custome of all
for the most part (that either
haue of their owne written :
or out of other mens workes
translated, bookes of any reckoning or ac-
counpt) hath bin euermore to dedicate the
same to some speciall personage, either for
token of loue, or argument of duty, or signe
of thankfulnes ; mine enterprise in the pre-
sentation of these my small exercises to your
wor. wil seeme the lesse strange (I hope) ei-
ther to your selfe that best know ; or to others
that can probably coniecture, the deep bond

A.ij.

of

of my manifold duty: whereby (I confesse)
you might long since looke for, & now wor-
thily challenge much greater seruices at my
hand; as well in regard of the loue and dutie
that I owe by nature, as also in respect of so
many and so ample benefits receyued in my
nurture. But (humblie crauing your par-
don) I defer mine excuse for such omission
till another opportunitie: desiring your wor.
(in the meane while) to take in good worth
these first frutes of my little labours, which
(wanting richer iewels) I am bolde to offer
vnto you for a poore president of my wel-
willing duty. Poor (I call it) concerning that
that it hath of mine; otherwise the argument
is excellent, & the author honorable, and so
the present precious, & worthy of the grea-
test peeres, which those can best discern, that
do (with through vnderstanding) read in his
proper toong, this, and the rest of the workes
and weekes of the noble Lorde of *Bartas*,
of whose worthines the lesse I write, the lesse
I wrong him. And therefore (as a subiect to
high

~~Deuotion~~

high for me) I leaue his praise to more happy pens then mine. And withal I craue his pardon for my presumption, in that I maie seeme to haue spoiled these books (his louely babes) of their rich & sumptuous French garments, to cloath them in so poore & base English weeds as my course wardrobe hath afforded: as it were stripping them out of the robes of *Salomon*, to wrappe them in the rags of *Frus*: and robbing them of the riche mans purple, to couer them with *Lazarus* patches: Wherein (peraduenture) I haue not only wronged the worthy Frenchman: but also iniured some gentlemē of our own, in preuenting perhaps their liberalities, that are in preparing some more costly suites of better fashion, to interteine them in: which when they shall be finished, I shall bee well content that mine bee cast aside. But in the meane while I hope, these though they shew not altogether so comely, will serue at the least to keepe awaie cold: the further iudgement whereof, I submit to your worships censure, and

and the indifferent sentence of iudicious readers. And here least I weary you with too tedious length, I growe to an ende with all humble remembraunce of my dutie, beseeching God to graunt vnto your selfe, your *Sara*, and your *Jsaac*, (during this pilgrimage) all the happie blessings that your godly heart can wish: and (after the dissolution of your earthly tabernacles) to giue you all a place triumphant in the heauens among the friends of faith. *London the xxx. of May, 1592.*

*Your Worships Nephew most duti-
full and intirely affectionate,
Josuah Siluester.*

To the friendly Reader.

Gentle Reader, hauing aduentured at the earnest instance of some of my speciall friends, to present these my rough-wrought tables to the view of the curious world, I thought it no lesse then needfull, by these few lines to craue thy fauourable censure; in mine owne regard (I saie) for concerning the originall, as well for the authour as the argument, I know thou canst not reasonable disallow. But the fauour that I aske is for my selfe, and my bare translation: wherein if thou finde me defectiue in the apt expressing of some French phrase (besides that the verse wil not alwaies so exactlie beare it) consider that I haue neuer bin in France, whereby I might become so absolute: If thou finde me poore in Poetrie, remember that it is not my profession: notwithstanding (I hope) thou shalt find that I haue not omitted manie of mine authors words, neither anie of his meaning. Howsoeuer it bee, allow at the least of my good will, and take in good worth these small scantlings that I offer for tast (as it were) of peradventure some greater seruices to come, if vntimelie by thy discourtesie I bee not discouraged: or happilie (which I rather wish) by more prosperous pens preuented. For conclusion (gentle reader) I commit thee to the Lord, & my labor to thy liking; farewell.

Thine in the Lord.

Iosuah Siluester.

Beare with some, or better all.



A SONNET.

As feast-fed tastes skorne fragments for their fare,
And hardly like of common countrey roast;
How euer welcom'd by a gentle hoast,
How-euer kindly entertained they are:
Rich cares invr'd to noise of Numbers rare,
And quint-essence of hony-steeped stile.
will loath these lines wrought with too rough a file
Light-setting-by their work-mans louing care.
Yet as those courtiers are content sometimes
for loue of change on courser cates to feed:
Such dainty ears may daine to heare these rimes
For loue of change that fresh delight doth breed.
For though they run thus ragged from my quill,
Their sire was (sure) a man of matchlesse-skill

Joshua Siluester.



The Triumph of Faith, of vvilliam Sa-
lustius ; Lord of Bartas. Dedicated to Guy
 de Faur, Lord of Pibrac, of the Kings priuy
Counsell, and-President in the court of
 Parlement at Paris.

I Hate the pens that practise to backbite ;
 I hate the pens that thameles sooth vp sin ;
 For enuious th'one, the other claw-backs bin
 But he is wise can chuse the meane aright.

Nor oft to pinch, nor oft to praise I vse,
 Yet must I praise the praise-deseruing still
 For (free) I cannot hold my forward quill
 From those whō heauen wirth special beams indues.

Now all that God giues by retaile (I see)
 To perfect st men, to thee in grose he giues
 That's cause my muse thy praise so often driues
 For duties sake, but not to flatter thee.

Our ages wonder ! when thy toong refinde
 By vse and art (in our kings names) dilates
 With counsels, *Germaine* or furd *Polish* states,
 The facond *Cyneas* thou recalst to minde.

In priuie counsell when thou doost intreat
 Of our mishaps, thou treadst where *Nestor* went ;

B.I.

And

And when thou doest in Paris Parlement
Dispute of lawes, thou seemst that *Scauole* great.

Thy Latine prose dooth reach smooth *Salusts* stile,
And when thy pen drops downe the hony sweet
Of *Helicon* (where all the muses meet)
Me thinks I read sweet *Virgill* all the while.

In these gifts honor this smal gift I bring
Small for my paines, great for the argument;
But if the heauens had richer treasure lent,
Thy new-yeeres gift should be some better thing.

The first song of the Triumph of Faith.

The God of dreames came in through's hornie
(when *Erycine Aurora* cald in *Inde*, (gate
And she the Sunne) and shewd my musing mind
A sacred Virgins triumph full of state.

Then *Faith* (for that's hir name) commands with
That pen and paper I prepare to write, (speed
What friendly heauen would offer to my sight
To be recorded to our after-seed.

I know my task to be impossible:
I know in this mans eies are beetle blind:
His eares quight deafe: clean void of sense his mind
But hardest things *Faith* makes most possible.

O sunne eternall! scatter with thy light,
All mists and clouds, that make me not to see
Thy wholesome face; and giue sweet *Faith* to mee,
Sins *Faith* (sans *Faith*) cannot be knowne aright.

Faith

Faith sits triumphant on a coache of gold
Of *Tubals* worke, where costlie saphirs shine,
Rich diamonds, and many Rubies fine,
And if ought els, the world more costlie hold.

This glorious charrets rowling wheels are like
The holy wheelles, the great Ezechiel saw;
For one selfe spirit, selfe wind and will dooth draw
Their restless courses equall both alike.

The bird that led the Romain standards out:
The bird that fixed can oppose his eies
Against the greatest light in all the skies;
High through the aire draws this rich coache about.

Faith flaunts it not in siluer, nor in gold
Nor pretious scarlet of the *Tyrrian* die,
Nor paints hir face to hide deformitie,
But as she is she dooth hir selfe vnfold.

Her bodie, that all bodies dooth disgrace,
Like Iuno's bird is full of watchfull eies;
Whose holy glances pierce the loftie skies:
Pierce aire, and heauen, and see God face to face.

She hath great store of flowing toongs to praise
The Lord of hoasts: she hath most mighty wings
(Passing the swiftnesse of all earthly things)
That in a moment vp to heauen hir raise.

Hir glorious head is compast with a crowne
Not made of oliue, pine, or lawrel bowe,
Nor parllie wreath which Grecians did allowe
Th' *Olimpian* games, for signals of renowne.

B. 2.

But

But of fresh roses pluckt from honors tree,
(that neuer shrink for winters chilling frosts
Nor wither not when *Titan* hotlie toasts)
But by the Lord for euer watred bee.

Now milke white *Truth* for standards doth vnfold
Two testaments: next *Courage* dooth assaie
To raunge the souldiars into battell raie
That war-like march beneth hir banners bold.

Then *Constancie* comes with a two-edgd blade,
And *Pacience* beares a neuer-pearced sheeld,
Whose brightnes hath inforst more monsters yeeld
Then that of ougly *Gorgons* head was made.

Next *Charitie*, that louing dooth prefer
Her neighbours good fore hir vtilitie:
Repentance, *Hope* and soft *Humilitie*
Doo flanke the wings of *Faiths* triumphant car.

For *Faith* (indeed) without hir maids were vaine,
But as the Sunne can neuer lacke his light,
Nor fire want heat, so (if we marke aright)
No more can Faith forgo these Damsels traine.

Before this Coache, there is a Beldam gone,
That seemes (at first) faire *Hellens* face to passe,
But neerer viewd she is more foule (alasse)
Then fell *Meger* *Alect* or *Tesiphon*.

She neuer goes (lyke *Faith*) with open face,
But seekes for masks, for vizards, garments gay,
For cloke on cloke, to keepe the light away
Of hir loathd lims to hide the full disgrace.

Sh'hath

Sh'hath tongs like *Faith* with which she boldly
Blaspheming heauen with filthy vanities; (chats
Sh'hath eies like *Faith*, but yet (alas) those eies
See cleare by night, by day are blind as bats.

Sh'hath wings like *Faith*, with which she soars on
Like *Dedals* sonne she proudly mounts aloft, (hie
Forgetting that hir fethers are so soft,
Till Phebus force hir waxed wings to fric.

She, whom (sans reason) men haue *Reason* hight,
(Since first in fire the Lord the aire inclosd,
In aire the sea, in sea the earth disposd)
Hath with mild *Faith* maintaind continuall fight.

Now arming Kings, and putting in their braines,
That nothing is lesse worthy theyr estate,
Then vnder *Faith* their sceptars to abate:
Then to indure hir gentle-ruling raines.

Another while she makes with poison swell
Those whom the world (by thē bewicht) thinks *Seers*
That haue I grant imploid much oile, and yeeres,
To draw mens soules into the mouth of hell.

Yet still the Lord that dooth vphold the iust
Hath still the cause of holy *Faith* maintaind:
Hath still so well hir holy side sustaind,
That still hir foes lie groueling in the dust.

Before hir march a thousand Princes bound,
That scornd to beare hir mild and gentle yoke,
That made *Christs* church with sword & fire to smok
And with Saints bloud haue watred all the ground.

He

He that the first in this worlds infancie
His brother slue, he leads this bloudie band,
Then th'hardned Tyrant of rich *Nilus* land
That following th'Hebrewes, in the sea did die.

Then followes he that killed *Zacharie*,
Athalia then, and wicked *Abian*,
Occozias, *Amon*, then *Achas* and *Foram*,
Then all the kings that ruld in *Samarie*.

I saw *Sennacherib*, and the Tyrant proud,
That saw the writing band vpon the wall;
Then *Holopherne*, *Hammon*, and therewithall
Him, that his diet had with beasts allow'd.

Annas and *Caiphas*, and the man that set
His idol on *Solyms*' aultar stone,
Which was by five Iewes (brethren) ouerthrowne,
These al too late in sad repentance fret.

The Tyrant too, that at our Sauours birth,
In cradles causd so manie children die;
And that detested iudge that cruellie,
Guiltlesse condemnd the iudge of al the earth.

That emperor that with the vipers ire,
His mother, wiues, brethren, and sisters slue,
Then on a towre high-mounted laught to view
The spires of Rome inflamed al with fire

With *Seuenth-Seuerus* came accopained :
Jule Maximin, with fell *Maximian*,
Cruel *Gallerian*, fond *Domitian*
That Godlesse would like God be honored.

Then

Then saw I him, that was the foot-stoole base
Of *Sapores*, I sawe *Aurelian*,
There saw I bound cruell *Hostilian*,
I sawe *Dece*, *Lycin*, and *Maxentius* face.

I sawe great *Traian*, lern'd *Aurelius*,
And *Dioclesian* learnd, which three might haue
Amongst sage *Cesars* praise for learning graue
Had they not bin gainst Christians barbarous.

Iustin, *Theodore*, a sonne of *Constantine*,
Heraclius, *Valence*, *Constance* and beside
That Prince *Bizantine* fond, that did deuide
In foure-fold essence, th' essence sole deuine.

Honoric, *Tracemond*, *Gensrick* (*vandals*) come,
Then foure great *Gothes*, lumbard *Rotharius*,
Whose cruel camps, and hoasts barbarious,
With baptizd bloud, dide *Affrica* and *Rome*.

But who is he that laden so with chaines,
By thousand hangmen racked with despight,
By thousand furies torture day and night,
For godlesse deeds receiues so righteous paines?

Ti's *Mahomet*, who more by *Mauors* art,
Then *Alcaron* (bird of a friars neast)
Hath whole subdude the welthie golden East
And wonne withal the three-fold worlds best part.

I see prince *Saladine* of matchlesse force
But poisoned deep with *Turkish Alcar's* sling,
Haly great *Caiphe*, and the wanton king
That did our maids on *Edeffs* aultars force.

With

With wrath and woe, old *Ottoman* oppress
Bears in his face a late repent depaint,
And second *Mahón* grinding teeth makes plaint,
That he the *Greekish* Emperie suppress.

So he whom *Tartar-Tamburlaine* subdude
And then inclosed in cage of iron straight,
And he that first did dare to passe the streight,
Whose seas from *Europe Asia's* bounds seclude.

Then he that did with *Scythia* quittance crie,
And ouer-sea his sceptar raisd againe,
And *Amurath* that did repell amaine,
Vincenslaus force, that first had made him flie.

Orcan the *Phrigian's* feare and *Calipine*,
That foild *Sigismonds* host his father feard
And *Baiazeth* that being noblie reard
By *Germaine Tropes*, did their peace repine.

He that his sire and brother put to death,
Is with a cable kild; his sonne that quaild
Th'ungarian King, and *Rhodes*, and *Búd* assaild,
With trembling feare, now quakes like aspen leafe.

The last is *Solyman*, which dooth retaine
An emptie place for him that yet suruiues,
Who by our Kings strange iars so richly thrives,
That (proud) he threats both *Germanie* and *Spaine*.

O wretched Christians! whilst your ciuill rage
Gainst your own harts doth arm your proper hands,
O see you not the *Turks* inuade your lands
And safelic spoile the Lords choise heritage.

The

5
The discord growne betwixt the *Bulgares* King,
And th' eastern *Cesar* made a bridge like boord,
For Turks to passe the *Hellespontine* foord,
And so in *Greece* an heathnish sceptar bring.

The discord of two brethren, *Morea* lost,
And I doo feare least Christians home-bred fraies
(Deiecting cleane Christs name and al his praise)
Bring Turks to land in farthest westerne coast.

Forget then Christians, your domestick iars
Founded on flies feet, ioine againe with speed
Your harts and hands, and armd resolute indeed
To foile *Faith's* foes, and fight *Iehoua's* wars.

Let *Asia* and *Egypt* your fierce forces know
To win againe, *Gaze*, *Antioch*, and *Ascalon*,
Ioppa, *Ierusalem*, *Tyre* and *Sydon*,
And *Famagosta* lost a yeere ago.

The Second Song.

Although that Tyrants had in euery age,
Busirus altars, buls of *Phalares*,
Gemonid ladders, making land and seas,
And fire, and aire, racks of their beastly rage.

Yet could they neuer wound the church so much,
As haue the writings of the worldly wise,
Which on mens soules doo cruell tyrannize
The tortures only did the bodiestuch.

C. I.

These

These wifards puffed with such conceited pride,
Dare to controule th'almighties match-lesse works
Where mistike secrets from our senses lurks
The search whereof the Lord hath vs denide.

And though the spread of our too-feeble wings,
Scant raise vs from the ground, they mount aloft
Euen vp to heauen, where they doo measure oft
(By their wits compasse) Gods eternall things.

Their knowledge is but meerelie ignorance
Which lose the truth by seeking it too much,
For truth dooth stil conceale hir selfe from such
And to the humble dooth hir selfe aduance.

The Truth dooth dwel within the holy tables
Of Gods liue word, not in our wanton braine,
Which daily coining some strange error vaine
For gold takes lead, for truth electeth fables.

Long time their reasons were with Reason rife,
To stroie the church, and *Faith* to ruinate
But now I see they do detest too late,
Their former errors, and their former life.

In formost ranke, march all *Gymnosophists*
Followed by cunning *Magi Persians*,
Th'old French *Druides*, learned *Caldeans*,
And flower of all the *Brattaman-sophists*.

Naucide, *Pythagore*, *Zenon*, *Zenophon*,
Parmenide, *Teluge*, *Archide*, *Tarrentine*,
Democrite, *Leusip*, with th' *Agrigentine*,
That leapt in *Aetna*, *Heraclite*, *Nausiphon*.

Breese

11

Breefe all the Doctors of the Latine sect
Renting their heare and melting into teares,
Beating their breasts detest those faults of theirs
And so the greatest of the Greeks elect.

Here *Thales* goes, *Anaximander* proud,
There *Socrates* and other twaine doo go,
Gnawne cruelly with euer-wringing woe
And through the world ring out their plaints aloud.

Zenon, *Cleantes*, *Chrisipp* (stoicall)
Goes there infect with errors foule vn-sound;
And next to them those other that are bound,
Are *Diogen's* peeres, sect sir-nam'd *Cynicall*.

There go the fautors of th' *Accademies*
Zenocrate, *Plato*, *Speusip*, *Crantor* to,
Clytomache, *Carneade*, *Lacides* also
And he that to agree them did deuise.

There moorns in vaine, *Pirrhon* *Plistarchus* sonne,
That (fond) belceues not what his cares doo heare,
Eies see, nose smels, toong tast, & hands do beare,
Then follow *Heccate*, *Anaxarch*, *Tymon*.

There the *Stagirian* with a learned vaine,
That in his works shuts th' *Enciclopedy*,
Sorie to haue led so many soules awry
Which *Strato* and *Theophrastus* doth complaine.

There *Epicurus* sighs and sobs with teares,
And *Metodore*, next vnto them there came
Both *Arestippi*, *Aretas*, and the same
Vile wretch, that coind a worser sect then theirs.

The man I meane is filthie *Theodore*,
 That (damned) holds no sacred Deitie,
 But that a wise man may in season be
 Liar, traitor, theefe, and Sodomital whore.

Alas ! how doth the prouerbe prooue too plaine,
 That faith bad weeds grow euery-where apace,
 But wholsome hearbs scant spring in any place
 Without great labour, and continuall paine.

O plague of Greece ! thy roots that mortifie,
 To grow in *Rome* haue crost the swelling seas,
 From *Rome* to *France* haue past too fast with ease,
 O're those hie hils that bound faire *Italie*.

Tby killing plantbuds now on Iustice throne :
 Springs in all Christian camps, and courts of Kings
 Buds in the Church (in breefe) through *France* so
 That with thy pricks hir back is ouergrown (springs

But now returne we to our course againe,
 All these wise men of *God* haue ill definde,
 Of Cheefest good, *soules*, or wrong place assingde,
 Where dead we feele, or end-les peace, or paine.

Those that since Christ (true sun of righteousness)
 On our *Horizon* brought the daies broad light,
 Haue led mens *soules* in darke eternal night
 Feele torments worthie of their wickednes.

Heere *Symmache*, and *Porphirius* marches furst
 With *Lucian*, *Celsus*, which with hardned hart
 The Gospell knowne did labour to sub-uart,
 And *Iulian* too, of *Cesars* all the worst.

Who

25

Who knowing wel that tortures were but vaine
To force the saints from *Faiths* strait steps to stray:
(By sugred stile) he seekes another way,
Turns truth to lies, and lies to truth againe.

Next come the *Rabbies* of the Iewish crew
Which with their *Gabele*, and their *Talmud* thick
Troubling the peace make Christian churches sick
And wel-nigh dead against our Sauour spewe.

Much like to snakes that wag their strengthlesse
When as their heads & bodies being slaine, (sting
They threat their foes with force-lesse fury vaine,
And to their graues their thirst of vengeance bring.

Now come the doctors of the *Alcaron*,
Which mingling poison by their subtil glose
With darker mysts the worlds blind eies doo close,
They shew their sorrow by their greeuous grone.

But who are these that weare *Faiths* liuerie:
And beare the marke of *Faiths* best souldiars,
And yet are laden with such bolts and bars
And so despised of *Faiths* companie?

They are *Heretikes* (I gesse) for certaintie
That pusht by spirits conceited curious,
Mix heauen and earth in heads erronious,
And lead the world in crooked paths awrie.

Now as soft winds (whose strait-constrained breath
Through some crackt cranny piercing priuily)
Hurts more our healthe, then boistrous blasts that
And roule abroad the stones vpon a heath.

(fly
And

And as the foe that beats a cittie walles
With cannot shot, is not so dangerous,
As some false Burgesse lewd, seditious,
That in the towne stirs vp domestike braules.

So *Pagans, Turks, Jewes*, do not damnifie,
The faith (like these) their open force may be
Auoided wel: but these mens trecherie
Is hardly scaped with much ieopardie.

They make like vs a faire religious shew:
They haue like vs, one only church and creed:
They do like vs, one booke and bible reed;
So slie they are, Gods church to ouerthrow.

In foremost ranke here go the *Saduces*,
That do denie angels and resurrection:
Both spirits of grace and of refection;
The *Esseans* foule, and faining *Pharises*.

Next that deceiuer that deuised first
Church-chapman-ship; and after him insues
He that troad mariage downe, that beast renewes
Not *Plato's* lawe, but *Pluto's* lore accurst.

Cerintus next, whose hed yet bledeth fresh
Bruisd with the beams that falling made him die
When in the baths (prophane) he did denie
Christs holy God-head hidden in our flesh.

For hauing ward gainst the Diuinitie
Of th'only *Man-God*, see how *Ebion*,
Paule Samyan, *Photin*, *Carpocrate*, *Artemon*,
Of gnawing conscience feeble infinitie.

There

There *Manes* mourns with heauy plaints in vaine
That made two gods authors of good and ill;
There *Valentine* the aire with cries doth fill,
That did denie that bodies rise againe.

Cerdon protector of the stoicall,
Menander, *Marcion* piteous mournings make;
There wailes *Apelles* saieng Christ did take
Not (simplie) flesh, but flesh fantastickall.

There goes *Basilides* that cannonizd
Simon Cyrenean, in our Sauours steed;
Montanus there a frantike head indeed
That guiltlesse children kild and sacrificd.

There *Tatians*, *Encratites*, *Seuerions*
Sabellians too which (seeking th'vnitie,
In Gods great essens) lose the trinitie,
Abhorre too late their fond opinions.

That *Alexandrine* priest that once did void
His entrails at the stoole, whose heresie
(Witching wel-nigh th'earths vniuersitie)
With war and scismes the world so much anoid

Beholds with greefe *Eunome* and *Macedon*
Which (at the first) his poisoned seeds had sowne
Bur after coining errors of their owne
Two other sects their names were set vpon.

Nestor the Greek, Britan *Pellagius*,
The Libian *Donats*; *Luciferians*,
Euticheans fond, and fond *Priscillians*,
Frowne all for woe, and greefe outrageous.

Seruetus

Seruetus lags, then come the *Deistes* traine,
Wherewith *Polonia* ouermuch abounds;
There *Muncer* goes that laid the frantike grounds,
Of hundred forts of Anabaptists vaine.

Both *Syrtes* sands I might more easilie tell,
Then number those, whose sweet enchanting books
Haue caught light heads, on errors honny hooks;
Chceff in this age the neighbour next to hell.

For sathan now hath such strong power obtaind
In faithlesse harts, that ween themselues be wise,
That such foule error can he not deuise,
But shal be straight by many men maintaind.

I see the beast that beares the purple whore,
(Great Anti-christ v surping power deuine)
Which maketh droonken with her whordomes wine
Kings of the earth, that hir foule seat adore.

And last of all I see the *Scismatikes*,
Which (renting Christs vnseamed coat in twaine)
Afflict the bosome of the Church with paine,
Following too neere the steps of *Heretikes*.

The Third Song.

Great fires great son! ô liue Gods liuelie face;
Wisedome, conceiued of the only wise:
To vs giuen giuer, first and last borne twise,
Once in full time; once out of all times space.

Beame

Beame of that sun that filis the world with light,
Life of our life, and our deaths deadly graue:
King (compleat) iust, wise, holy, valiant, braue,
Word, that no word can full expresse aright.

O Lord draw, draw me, draw me frō this throng,
Whose feet and hands to war with thee are bould,
For without teares I can them not behold,
Nor yet sans greefe recite them in my song.

Ah! heere I am out, O Lord behold I go
From *Babel* to *Ierusalem*, the land
Of life, Saints house, and holy Arke to stand
Against al seas, and al strong stormes that blow.

Lo here those champiōs braue whose corage bold
Withstood proud Tyrants consecrating stout
Their liues and souls to God whose names no dout
Are in the booke of lasting life enrold.

Al haile Saint-soldiars, let vs once imbrace
O valiant knights, let me your hands and browes
With palmes adorne, and with *Apollo's* bowes
Let present honor, former shames deface.

Come sacred Kings, O holy princes come,
Come to this triumph Lords, whose valiant hands
Haue fought to shackle sathan fast in bands;
And in your crownes giuen *Faith* the cheefest rome

He that (the first) *Isaac* infranchised
Holds by the hand that Duke whose faithful word
Stopt Phebus coursers, & whose conquering sword
Subdude the land the Lord had promised.

D. I.

He

He that a thousand mutine Pagans kild
With th'asses iaw, *Sangor, Othoniel,*
Ahod, Ieptb, Barac sacred *Samuel,*
He that of Horeb foild the prophane feeld.

That great king-prophet, poet, champion great,
Sweet Psalmist; *Asa*, he that idols brake:
He that made all the idol-altars quake,
And after causd the Paschall lambe be eate.

Azarias, Joathan, Josaphat,
And that braue prince whose life the lord did length
Whom God vnseegd by force of Angels strength,
Beating (at once) all *Assurs* forces flat.

Wise *Mardocheus*, and fiue *Machabees*
Al heires (indeed) of hart, and zeale paternall
Receiue their guerdon from the great eternal,
And vp againe their stooping standards raise.

Before these warriors and the roial band,
March holy Fathers that with vertue rare:
And holy doctrine did the diuell dare;
Foiling the force of his infernall hand.

Enos by whom this worlds great Archi-tect
Was cald vpon, leadeth (religious)
That holy father, God tooke vp from vs:
And him whose ship did saue the world elect.

Then *Sem, Japheth, Abram* the faithful father
Of faithful sonnes, and then his sonne indeed
His nephew then that angels saw with speed
Go vp and downe vpon a steep high ladder.

Aaron

19

Aaron, Eleazer, Phinees full of zeale,
Good *Ioyada*, and hundrerh preefts sele&
That were by heauen, by zeale, and church ele&
To keepe the law the Lord did once reueale.

His father, that was sent to sweepe the way
Of great *Messias*: then the man supposd
To be his fire: then he that *Christ* inclosd
Within his armes, and ioyful songs did say.

Then *Barnabas* and *Tyte* sinnes deadly foes,
And *Tymothy* whom *Paule* so much dooth praise,
That *Dennis* (seeing *Phebus* darkned raies)
That iustice sunne eclipsed did suppose.

Forthwith I see an hundred Prophets more,
That on a row t'adorne this triumph come,
Which haue so well foretold the things to come
As if indeed they had bin doone before.

There commeth he, that in the coach of fire
By Gods strong spirit was rapt aboue the aire:
And then his seruant that was made his heire
Of cloake and knowledge, as he did desire.

He that reprood old *Ishay's* sceptred sonne,
For two-fold fault; *Amos, Ezechiel,*
Joel, Semyah, Abarah, Daniel,
And he that did three daies in *Thetis* wonne.

The next I see the sonne of *Barachy*,
Jeremy, Iehu, Ahias, Baruc,
Two *Miches, Nahum, Esdras, Abacuc,*
Sophony, Agge, Ose, Malachy.

The glorious troop that march before this troope
Are martirs al, that (fild with constant zeale)
Their faith infraet with their owne blouds did seale
And neuer did to any Tyrant floope.

Their blessed bloud, is like the morning dew
To make more fertile all the churches feeld:
These are the weapons that inforce to yeeld
The furious foe (examples not a feaw)

For as a fruit-tree lopped in *December*
For one old trunke yeelds many branches new
Which with sweet fruits kind nature dooth indew:
So one sole martyr many doth ingender.

First *Abel* goes, then *Joyads* zealous son
That neere the altar constant yeelded breath,
The next goes he *Manasses* put to death;
Then he whose head the danſing damſell won.

Next *Salome* and hir ſonnes that rather choſe
To croſs the king than God, ſtrengthning ech other
Euen in their death, digne ſonnes of ſuch a mother
And mother worthy of ſuch ſonnes as thoſe.

That *Proto-martyr*, holy Deacon good
That by the Iewes with ſtones was done to die
That dieng, ſaw Chriſt Ieſus ſit on hie
Leads thoſe that for like cauſe haue ſhed their blood

Some ſmeard with hony, for the flies were feaſts,
Some men did eate, ſome were on gridirns broild
Some naid on croſſes, ſome in caldrons boild
And ſome were throwne to moſt deuouring beaſts.

The

(The humble Squadron of these warriors past)
I se faire *Sara, Rebecca, Rachel,*
I se stout *Debora, Judith, Jabel,*
(Made males by Faith) to foile their foes at last.

She that attaining princely state and stile
Hir people sau'd, with *Ruth* along she goes,
And *Neomi*, and then the dame that chose
Rather to die, than nuptiall bed defile.

I had from these mine eie no sooner set,
But it discern'd three ladies in a traine
That erring sought the toomb of Christ in vaine,
Then saw I *Anne, Marth* and *Elizabeth*.

But my weake eies cannot indure to gaze
On beaming beauties of that *Mother-maid*
That did bring forth hir sire, yet euer-maid
Of Faith and Loue th'inimitable maze.

This is (O muse my care) th'*Aurora* cleere
Which brought the sun to light the world vnkind,
A virgine pure in body, hart and mind,
Christs sifter, daughter, spouse, and mother deere.

Gods holy Temple, and the happy staire,
Whereon the Lord came downe to dwell with vs
An holy vessell, chosen, pretious,
Where Phebus hid his brightest beams most faire.

The Fourth Song.

I thought I had bin at th' end of my carrear
To haue borne away the vnderferued prise,
But I fall short, for mindfull Morpheus cries,
That halfe the *Trophe* scant is mention'd heere:

Before Faiths coache are tables borne on heigth,
Where, by a heauenly painters cunning hands
(In guise of warlike Romans) pictur'd stands
The victories of neuer-conquerd Faith.

Heere, fals of Iericho the lofty wall,
Battred alone by Faiths artillerie:
An endlesse hoast (drownd in idolatrie)
By Esaus faith is heere destroied all.

By Faith heere *Moses* arms with rage and ire,
The smallest worms th' Egyptian king to vex,
Daniel by Faith the Lions forces cheks,
And quenches dragons hot im poisoning fire.

Here *Paule* by Faith, feares not (within an Ile)
The deadly sting of viper venemous:
Heere *Jonas* (sunke in seas tumultuous)
Doth finde a fish for succor and azile.

Then in another table that was framd
By art (exceeding art) I did espie
Blithe Health, pale Death, and weake Infirmitie,
That had by Faith a thousand times bin tam'd.

Moses by Faith makes *Myriam* leperous,
By Faith *Elisba* (hauing cur'd before
The Syrrian prinee) strikes with the selfe-same sore
His man *Ichazi* (slau too couetous)

By

By Faith, a holie man of God first dride,
Then heald againe that kings vnholie hand,
That made ten tribes of Gods elected land
From God and from their lawfull prince to slide.

By Faith saint Paule made *Elymas* be blind,
By Faith saint Peter (fild with righteous rage)
Strooke dead two periur's ioign'd in mariage,
A iudgement fit for such a sinne assign'd.

By Faith yong *Toby* kindly doth restore
His fathers sight; by sacred Faith likewise
Two crooked cripples were made strait to rise
In *Lisra* th'one, th'other at Temple dore.

By Faith saint Paule did stop the flux with ease,
Of *Publius* fire, the Maltans ruler cheefe;
By Faith saint Peter cur'd *Eneas* greefe
In *Lidda* towne, an eight yeeres long disease.

By Faith (at *Troas*) Paule made *Eutich* liue;
By Faith *Elias* rais'd the *Sareptaine*;
Elisha rais'd the young *Sunamitaine*
At *Joppa* Peter *Dorcas* ghost did giue.

On th'other side I did in picture view,
The fower first bodies of this massie globe;
Greene-gowned *Tellus*, *Vulcan* scarlet-robe
Pied-mantled *Aer*, *Neptune* clad in blew.

Elisha's Faith brought from the lofty poles
Bright fiery charrets gainst the *Syrrian* hoast;
Elias Faith (frumping *Baales* prophets boast)
Brought fire from heauen to burne his ox to coles.

Three

Three *Hebrue* sonnes in fire furnace cast
By *Babels* king, by Faith escape the flame,
(Their garments free, and sent-lesse of the same)
When as their foes the selfe-same fire did waite.

Moses makes fire fall from the firmament
In th' *Hebrew* hoast those wretches to consume,
Whose hands prophane had dared to presume
To God strange fire and incense to present.

This *Moses* (calling on the God of power)
By *Faith* constrains the steep high hills to shake:
The gaping earth at his command to quake
In hir blacke bellie *Corah* to deuoure.

Moses by Faith deuides the sea in twaine,
When *Israel* came from out of *Egypt* land:
Then in the Desarts drie and barren sand
From flint-hard rocks he doth fresh riuers straine.

Moses by Faith conuerteth into blood
The pleasant streams of seuen-fold flowing *Nile*,
By Faith againe he makes another while
Those stinking waters, wholesome, sweet and good.

Three times floud *Jordan* did his waues diuide,
To giue safe passage to the Lords belou'd,
Once by the valiant *Josua's* Faith was prou'd:
Elias once: once by *Elisha* tride.

It was by Faith, the zealous *Thesbite* bound
Heauens windows vp, so that there fell no raine,
In seuen six months; and then by Faith againe
He set them ope, to moist the thirstie ground.

By

By faithlikewile the nimble winged traine
That cleaue the aire, are captiu'd (for our good)
The rauens are forst to bring *Elias* food;
The doue serues *Noah*, quailes for *Moses* raine.

O who is able Faith to countermand?
If Faith do force al taming iron yeeld,
If Faith make iron flote on *Neptunes* feeld,
If that *Elisha's* Faith strong steele command.

Faith hath not only power on things terrene
Both hie and lowe, but oftentimes doth force,
Gods iustice too, and somtimes seemes perforce
Gods purposes to change and altar cleane.

The Niniuites by Faith (repenting) shun
Their ouerthrow, that *Jonas* threatned neere:
And *Ahaz* sonne by Faith addes fiftene yeere
To his short life, that was already done.

Now if the giuer of this faith (we see)
Seeme to incline and bow vnto hir still
As bound and ready to obay hir wil:
What maruell i't if Angels be not free?

The Angels serue in *Ezechias* paie;
By Faith they bring the Thesbite needfull cates:
By Faith they ope for Peter prison gates:
By Faith to *Jacob* they direct the waie.

About twelue paces past these foresaid pomps,
Full many sacred minstrels found on hie,
Triumphant Faiths great name vnto the skie,
Tuning aloft their clarions, flutes and tromps.

E. I.

Marke

Mark, Matthew, Luke and Iohn, the *Lords* be-
Christ's secretaries, sound with such a brest,
Their winding cornets that from *Fez* to west
Are heard, their accents sacred and approud.

Both *Iames'es*, one the sonne of *Zebede*,
Of *Alphe* one, *Thomas*, *Symon*, *Andrew*,
Peter, *Mathias*, *Philip*, *Bartholmew*,
Paule (*Greeks* Apostle) with the good *Tadde*.

Sound with so sweet accord their sagbutts long,
And their shrill fifes (heard from the north to Nile)
As if one spirit did fill them all the while,
And one selfe hand had set their sacred song.

Whilst thus my spirit in this discourse was drownd,
The prating *Progne*, that forsaking rest,
Rare Architect beganne to build hir neast
Brake with hir chat my ioy, and dreame profound.

Which, for 'twas vaine (not much delighting me)
A dormer would I were an hundred yeere,
To sleepe ten lusters twise (not seeing heere
The woes that make my waking wofull be)

For why (alas) waking (with greefe) I see,
Babel triumphing ouer *Syon* still:
And on the good th'vngodly worke their will:
The wicked praisd, the righteous scorned be.

I see (alas) in these lamented times,
That all mens zeale in bloudie murther stands,
Prophane our harts, and so prophane our hands:
Bare Christian title rests (to cloake our crimes)

Incest

Faith-breaking oft, some vertues name dooth beare
(sans punishment) men do blaspheme and sweare,
Medea swaies, and filthie *Sodomie*.

Virgins sans feare, and wiues be void of shame,
Princes are Tyrants, people full of rage;
Our age is sinke of euery former age
To which are run their vices most infame.

Close, close my brest, gainst scalding sighs the gate
Shut vp mine eies, the passage of your teares;
Cast of my hart, thy deepe dispairing feares;
That which most greues me, most doth console.

No no, my dreame is true, soone shall we see
Faiths glorie shine; sathan (perceiuing nie
His prides eclipse) his greatest force doth trie,
To stop great Faith's triumphant victorie.

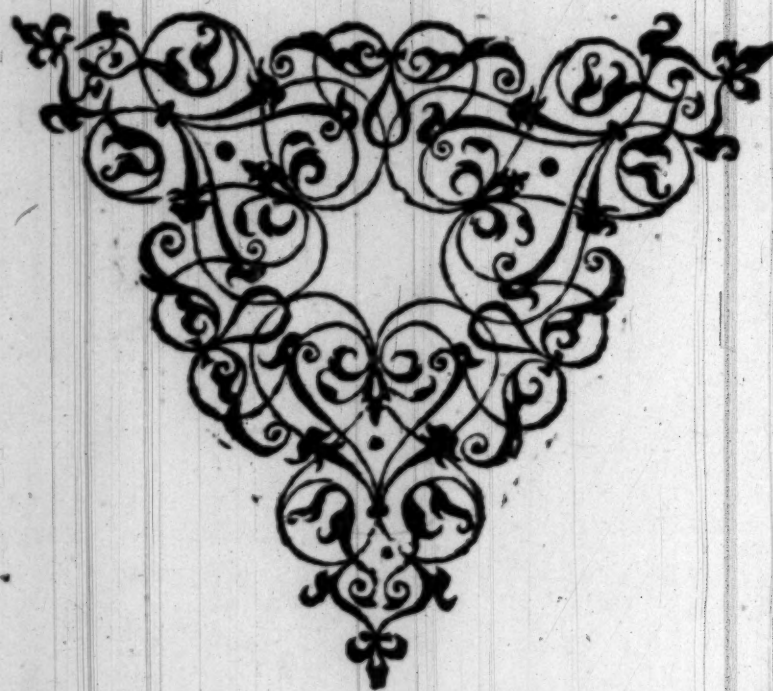
Sure if my card and compasse doo not faile
We are neere the port where (danger being past)
We need not feare the billow, nor the blast
Of wrathfull windes, nor seas that can assaile.

Our beastly manners like *Gomora's* guise:
The troubled seasons: wars domesticall:
The threats of heauen: are the fore-runners all,
Of Christ that coms to hold his last assise.

That dread-desired day shall soone appeere
Christ comes the rauens from swans to set aside:
The tares from wheat: and goats frō lambs deuide:
And this braue Triumph (that I sing) is neere.

Waiting to see the wickeds vtter fall:
And thy iust sceptar ruling ouer all;
Let liuelie *Faith* my *Reason* still direct.

F f N f S.





The Sacrifice of Isaac.

THe babe is blest that godly parents breed;
And sharp-sweet Tutors traine in louing-dreed:
But cheeflie that (in tender cradle-bed)
With sincere milke of pietie is fed,

So blest is Isaac. But his inclination
Excels his birth and carefull education.
His faith, his knowledge, wit, and iudgement sage
(preuenting times) anticipate his age

Being but a babe, he feares the liuing Lord
And (wise) depends vpon his fathers word;
Whose steddye steps the child obserueth so
That by his gesture he his mind dooth know
So far, that euery word, each glance and nod,
Serues for a certaine warning, lesson, rod:
And thus this child by diligence out-reacht,
The holy precepts that his father preacht.

Now though that Abram were a man discreet,
Graue, wise, and modest, knowing what was meet:
Though his sweet son sometime he seeme to chide,
Yet can he not his kind affection hide
Nor shrowd his loue, but stil his eies are pight
And fixed still on Isaac his delight:
Sweet *Isaacs* face serues for his looking-glasse
No name but *Isaac* through his mouth doth passe.

A.I.

But

But God who sees how perfect is this loue,
Takes thence occasion Abrams faith to proue
And tempteth him; but not as dooth the diuell
His vassals tempt, or man his mate to cuill:
When sathan tempts he leads vs vnto hell,
But God dooth guide whereas no death dooth dwel
When sathan tempts he seeks our faith to foile,
But God dooth scale it neuer to recoile:
Sathan suggesteth il; God moues to grace:
The diuel seeks our baptisme to deface,
But God to make our burning zeale to shine
Amongst the candles of his church deuine.

The prince that meanes by prooue to take a vieu
Of some mans faith that he hath waged new,
With watchfull eies examines all his waies;
Controules his words, and doth his deeds dispraise
And thorowlie to sift him euerie waie,
Al manner triall (careful) doth assaie.

But God nere seeks by trial of temptation
To sound mans hart and secret cogitation,
For well he knowes man, and his eie doth see
Al thoughts of men yer they conceiued be.

But this is stil *Iehoua's* holie drift,
(when through temptation he his saints will sift)
To leaue for patterne to his churches seed,
Their firm-strong faith, and neuer-danted creed.

Yet out of season God doth neuer trie
His children new-conuerted by and by, crack
For then (weake babes) their courage soone woulde
And yer they lancht such ships would suffer wrack.

Their

5
Their bloomes of faith would blast in such a shower:
Such tender twigs wold beare no fruit of power
Against so sturdy strokes they want a sheeld,
Opprest with so great weight they needs must yeeld.

But then the Lord begins to tempt and proue,
His deereft children (whom he most doth loue)
When as the sacred seeds that he hath sowne
Within their harts deepe rooted, wel are growne:
When as they are from top to toe so armd,
As by no darts at all, they can be harmd;
Euen such as Abram was who now growne strong,
By th'exercise of many trials long,
Of faith, of loue, of valure, and of right,
Who (by long weary wandrings day and night,
By often terrors, Lots imprisonment,
His wiues twise taking, Ismaels banishment,
Being made inuincible)
Is tempted by the voice that made al things,
That sceptreth shepheards and vncrowneth kings.

Now giue to me a voice (O voice deuine)
With heauenly fire inflame this brest of mine:
Ah rauish me, and make all kind of men,
Admire thine Abram picturd with my pen.

*And let that voice (of kings the only king)
Lead mine vnlearned eie and art-lesse finger
To imitate in English dies vn-darke
This faire French patterne of that Patriarke
So that (excepting change of tire alone)
The French and English Abram may be one.*

Abram, mine Abram (quoth the God of power)

I am thy God, thy king, thy strength, thy tower,
Go straight to *Salem*, and in any wise
Thy sweet sonne *Isaac* see thou sacrifice:
There slay the child, and in consuming fire
Offer vp his lims to appease my iealous ire.

As he that (slumbring on his wearie bed)
Seems to discerne some fancie full of dread,
Shrinks downe his head and fearfull hides his face,
And scant drawes breath in halfe an howers space.

So *Abram*, at the sound of these sharpe words
That pierst him deeper than tenthousand swords,
Is seizd (at once) with sorrow, feare and fright,
And almost drownd in deaths eternall night:
Deaths ash-pale image fore his eies dooth swim,
An icy cold congealeth euerie lim,
Flat on the grassie ground himselfe he throwes,
An hundred times his colour comes and goes:
A cold dead deaw doth from his body fall,
His speech him fails, and so his senses all.

But once reuiu'd, two sounding sobs he cast:
Then two deep sighes: and then these words at last.
Cruel command (quoth he) that I should kill
A tender infant innocent of ill:
That I should slay a friend, that barbare I
In my sons bloud my murdering hand should die,
But of what sonne? (alas) *Isaac* my child
Whose louely beauties match his manners mild:
Isaac sole patterne, now of vertue knowne:
Isaac in yeares young, but in wisedome growne:
Isaac whom godly loue, the rest enuie:

Isaac

Isaac my hart, and my liues life must die.
That a detested altar should be dide
with bloud of *Isaac* issued from my side?
Ah would my bloud might serue, the losse were smal
An easie hurt, or rather none at all;
I beare no fruit but (like the withered oke)
I leaue-lesse pine and vanish into smoke.
But Isaac dying, I not only leese
My proper life, that heauens haue hangd on his;
But millions more of babes vnborne beside
Then *Neptune* shewes smal sands at euery tide.

Mine arme canst thou? canst thou my cruel arme?
Aduance this knife to do mine *Isaac* harme?
Alas, I could not without deadlie greefe,
Deliuer bound mine ages sweet releefe:
My blisse, my comfort, and mine eies delight,
To be tormented by a hang-mans spight.
But that my selfe with cruel bloody blade
Should spoile (alas) what I my selfe haue made;
That I should launch his breast, and rent his hart
With bloody hands to play a butchers part:
That I should make a holy altar fume
With holy fire this offring to consume:
That I should roast his flesh, and with mine eies
Behold his entrailes that the fire fries;
That is to me no lesse to thinke it horrible:
Then to wish cruell; and performe impossible.

Let him that list and can so bathe in bloud,
In either can nor wil, become so wood
To bay my God; God whom we count to be

Th'imor-

The immortal pillar of all veritie
And constant faith; wil he be troth-lesse now?
Wil he breake faith, and from his promise bow?
Wil he destroy the worke he hath begun?
Thus make, and mar, and lose what he hath won?
And shal the promise that he wents to make?
Serue but for snares sincerest soules to take?

One while he swears by his eternitie,
That my sonne Isaacs great posteritie,
Shall fill the land, and that his springing race;
Shall (blessed) be the leuen of his grace:
And now he bids with speed, that I should slay
My hope of health, and worke the worlds decay:
That at one stroke vpon this fruitfull stock,
I should cut off the heads of all the flock,
That should his nostrils with sweet smels delight
His eares with praises, with good deeds his sight.

Will God impugne himselfe, and will he so?
By his command his couenant ouerthrow?
And shall my faith my faiths confounder be?
Then faith or doubting all are one to me.

Abram alas, what faist thou? pause thou must;
He that reniues the Phenix from hir dust:
And from the silly silk-wormes shining graue,
Doth raise a bird with painted feathers braue,
Will he forget Isaac the only stock
Of his chaste spouse, and churches future flock:
Will he forget Isaac the only light,
That in the world shal shine in vertue bright?
Or can he not (if so him please) sans paine

In

In midst of death restore him life againe?

But mark how whilst thou dost produce his power
Which is more fenced then the strongest towre
Thou shak'st his iustice (this is certaine to)
God can doe al, saue that he will not do:
God loues none ill, for when the wreakful waues
Were al returnd into their wonted caues,
When al the meads, and euery fruitful plaine,
Began with ioy to see the sunne againe;
So soone as Noah with a glad some hart,
From forth his floating prison did depart;
The Lord forthwith forbad al murther then,
And hates the sinne that reaues the liues of men.

But (man of earth) found not the seas profound
Of Gods deep iudgments, where there is no ground
Let sobernes be stil thy wisedomes end,
Admiring that thou canst not comprehend.
The Lord, law-maker iust and righteous,
Doth frame his lawes not for himsele but vs;
He frees himsele; and flies with his powers wing
No-where, but where his holy will doth bring.
Al that he doth is good, but not therefore:
That God must do it, cause t'was good before,
But God is good, bicause it doth proceed,
From him; that is the root of good indeed:
From him; that is the spring of righteousness:
From him; whose goodnesse nothing can expresse.

Ah thoughts prophane! what wretch & do I think
That God delights the bloud of man to drink:
That he desires by such impietic

To

To plant his seruice ? you false deitie
Of *Moloch, Milcon, Camosh, Astarot,*
Delight with flesh of men to feed your throat;
You Tyrants you are pleasd in sacrifice
Of childrens torments (forcing out their cries)
You cruel idols, al your altars fill,
With streams of bloud that from our veines distill.
Not Abrams God, God gracious, holy, kind
That made the world but only for mankind:
That hates the bloody hand, his creatures loues,
And contrite harts for sacrifice approoues.

Some seend transformd into an angel bright,
Would make my God the author of this spight;
And foile my Faith fixt on his promise good,
And staine his altar with young *Isaacs* blood.

O my sweet ioy! and babe most blessed borne,
Yea more then so (if cruel I forlorne
Not hurt thy hap) a father shalt thou be.
Of happy sonnes, and large posteritie:
Feare not my tender child, that (sauage) *I*
*I*n thy warme bloud my ruthlesse hand should die,
Or by th'exploit of such detested deed
Commend my name to our succeeding seed.
I will that of my facts the fame that rings
In time to come, shal flie with fairer wings.

The loftie Pine that's shaken to and fro
By boisterous blasts of aduerse winds that blow,
In swaieng south-ward breaks some root in twaine
And bowing north-ward doth another straine,
Reeles vp and downe, tost by two tyrants fell,

Would

12
Would fal but cannot; neither yet can tel,
Inconstant neuter (though to both he yeeld)
Which of the two is like to win the feeld.

So Abram heere, whom loue and faith assaile
One while his loue, one while his faith doth faile:
One while the spirit hath got the vpper hand
The flesh anon the same doth counter-mand,
He 's cold (alas) his tender sonne to kil,
But yet more cold to crosse *Jehoua's* will:
For thus he saith in fine. Now sure I know
That this is God, the God that loues me so
Loues, keepes, sustaines, whom I so oft haue scene,
And this the voice that hath my comfort beene,
Slie sathan cannot so in glorie shine
(Although transformd) no t'is that God of mine,
Now of his spirit I feele the secret power
That strengths my hart euen at this instant hower.
God doth require that I my sonne should slay,
Hap what hap shal I must and wil obay.
The sable night dislodg'd, and now began,
Aurora's vsher with a windie fan
Sweetly to shake the woods on euery side,
The whilst his mistris (like a statelie bride)
With flowers, rich iems, & *Indian* gold doth spangle
Hir louely locks, her louers lookes to tangle;
When passing through the aire (in mantle blew
With siluer fringd) she drops the pearlie deaw;
With hir goes Abram out, and (three daies don)
Arriues on *Cedron* shores with his sweet son,
Beholds the holy hil, and mounts a-good,

B. I.

He

He feebly panting, Isaac bearing wood.

Father (quoth Isaac) heere I ready see,
Fire, knife, and faggot, all prepar'd to be,
But wher's your host? Oh! let vs mount my boie,
(Quoth Abram) God an offering will puruoie.
But scant had Isaac turnd away his face,
T'ascend the hill with somewhat swifter pace,
Yer Abram changeth cheere and like new must
That works againe, within the tierces trust,
That being stopt too soone and wanting vent
Blowes vp the bung, or doth the vessell rent;
Spewes out a purple streame, the ground be-dies
With *Bacchus* coulour, where the vessel lies;
So at the noise of some and fires sweet sound,
The teares that courage had before fast bound
Captiue within the braine, now run and leake,
And thus th'old *Hebrew* muttring gan to speake,
In submisse voice that *Isaac* might not heere
His bitter greefe that he vnfoldeth heere.

O sad *Theater*! now my haplesse hand,
Thou sharpest a sword, and doost inflame a brand,
The brand shal burn my hart, the swords keen blade
Shall my blouds bloud, and my liues life inuade;
And thou poore *Isaac* bearest vpon thy back,
The wood shal make thy tender flesh to crack;
And yeeldst thy selfe (not for thy selfe but me)
Of selfe-same offering, preest, and beast to be.

O haplesse sonne! O most unhappie fire!
Me man most wicked! O what chance of ire
Hath cast vs in this gulph? where wretched *J,*

To

1

To be true godly, must Gods law denie;
To be true faithfull, must my faith transgresse,
To be Gods sonne, I must be nothing lesse
Then *Isaacs* fire; and *Isaac* for my sake;
Must soile, and fire, and life and all forsake.

Yet on he goes and mounts the hill apace,
And strengthd by faith he dooth serene his face,
Like silver *Cynthia* when in *Thetis* waues,
His amber tresses wantonlie she laues,
He builds his aultar, laies his wood thereon,
And tenderly he binds his sonne anon.

Father (quoth Isaac) O sweet father deere!
What, doo you turne away with angry cheere?
O father tel me, tel me what you meane?
O cruelty vnknowne! is the meane?
Whereby you shall become the grand-fire old
In my discent of many princes bold?
And shal I (glorious) if I here doo die;
Fill th'earth with kings with shining the stars the skie..

Back *Phebus* blush, go hide thy golden hed,
Retire thy coach to watry *Thetis* bed;
See not this sauage sight. Shall Abrams mind
Be mild to al, saue to his sonne vnkind?
And shall great Abram do the damned deed,
That Lions, Tygers, Bores and Bears would dread?
See how incens'd he stops his eare to me,
Stil dreaming on his bloody mystrie.

O God! behold the murthering parricide
Feares (hypocrite) in some great sinne to slide,
And he that means euen me his sonne to slaie,

Doubteth alas, in sinne to go astraie.

O father heare me! not that I desire
With sugred words to quench your angers fire,
In Gods name reape the graine your self haue sown
Come take my life, deriued from your owne,
Glut with my blood your blade, sith you so please
That I must die, welcome my death, mine ease.

But tel me yet my fault before I die,
That hath deserud a punishment so hie;
Say father, haue I not conspird your death?
Or with strong poison sought to stop your breath?
Haue I deuisd to short my mothers life?
Or with your foes taen part in any strife?

O thou Etherial pallace christalline /
High court of God! if in this hart of mine,
So damned thoughts had euer any place;
Shut vp for euer al thy gates of grace
Against my ghost; and neuer let that I,
Amongst thy winged messengers do fly.

If none of these, Abram (for I not dare
To cal thee father) further-more declare
What rests besides, that damned I haue done,
To make the fire the butcher of his sonne;
In memorie I would that fault faine haue,
That (after God) I might your pardon craue
For such offense; and so th' agreement driuen,
You liue content: and I may die forgiuen.
My sonne (quoth he) thou art not hither brought,
By my fierce wrath nor ill that thou hast wrought
But God, our God, he cals and wil not let,

13
A Pagan sword within thy bloud be wet;
Nor burning plague, nor any pining paine,
With langor turne thy flesh to dust againe;
But wils that thou within this fire consume,
As holy offering for a sweet perfume.
What! fears my loue, my life, my sonne, my sweet?
The Lord commands we must obay (t'is meet)
And neuer vse discourse with flesh and bloud;
How he his promise wil in time make good:
How he wil make so many sceptars bud
From forth thy toombe? how from thy wasted thies
Hee'l make the sun of righteousness to rise?
That shal the mountaines bruse with iron mace,
Rule heauen and earth, and the infernal place.
For he that (past the course of natures kind)
Gaue thy first birth, can with his holy wind
Raife thee from forth the dust and lowest graue
Ten thousand meanes he hath his saints to saue:
His wisdoms guides this worlds societie,
With equal power, and equall pietie.

Isaac my sonne, my sweet (too sweet indeed)
Alas, thy sweetnesse makes me more to bleed,
Makes my losse greater, and like red-hot tongs
Gripes hard my hart torments my lights and longs.
I take deere sonne (not mine but Gods iwis)
My last fare-wel, seald with my latest kisse.

Ah sith the Lord so wils, and you my fire
That I must die, come death (no longer dire,
But glorious now) come gentle death make speed
The heauens are ope, God spreads his arms indeed,

O let me fly to him, and with braue hart
Sustaine the sting of euery diying smart.

What father? quailes your courage now so sore?
Ah cease to weepe for I am yours no more:
I was the Lords before my day of birth,
And by his leaue I haue enioyd the earth,
Wil you retire and fainting lose the crowne
Thats neere your head to lade you with renowne?
Shal my lose neck Gods yoke and yours shake off?
So with his word shal I presume to scof?
Where shal I fly his hand? heauen is his seat,
The earth his foot-stoolc, and the prison great
Of *Pluto's* raigne, where damned soules are shut,
Is of his anger euer-more the but;
On him alone my happy good depends:
And he alone from dangers me defends.

Ah weepe no more, this holy turfe too seare
Craues drops of bloud not deaws of brinish teare;
Ioyne we to do in zealous pietie,
(Gladly this deed vrg'd by necessitie.
Lets shew that we haue tasted of the foord
Of faithful knowledge; prouing that Gods word
(Which made the world, sustains & guides it still)
To diuers ends conducts both good and ill.
He that prefers not God fore all his race,
Amongst the sonnes of God deserues no place:
And he that plowes the furrowes of Gods feeld,
May not turn back his fainting face nor yeeld.

Now gan th old *Hebrew* (comforted in part)
To sound these words, courage, be strong my hart;
The

The world, the flesh, Adam are dead in thee,
God, spirit, and faith alone subsisting be.

Lord (by thy spirit) confirme my faith so fast
T'assist my hand that I mine eies may cast
On thy true *Isaac*, whose sharpe suffering
Shal purge from sinne, me and mine offering.

No sooner had he drawne the fatal knife,
And raied his hand to reauce yoong *Isaacs* life,
But that the thundring voice of God from hie,
Staies hart and hand, and thus alowd dooth crie.

Abram inough, cease, hold thy hand amaine,
Isaac shal liue, sheath vp thy sword againe;
Now of thy faith I haue tane perfect prooffe
Thy wil for deed I doo accept, enough.

Then Abram lauds the Lord for his great grace,
Vnbinding his sonne, and laies vpon his place
A lambe (that God had tangled in the wood)
And on the aultar powreth out his bloud.

The flattrring fame of heathenish *Heró's* facts,
(Great Abraham) is lesser then thine acts,
And that pure law a sonne of thine shal write,
Shall nothing else but thy braue deeds recite.

Let who so can, record thy courage braue,
Thy conquering arme, thy loue, thy knoledge graue
Thy iustice too, that *Gentiles* did reuere;
To faile such seas my feeble ship doth feare.

Thy faith shal be sole subiect of my rime,
Not al in al hir partes; but at this time,
This one I chuse; this one so ful of state,
That more admire I can, then celebrate.

Go

Go *Pagans*, turne, turne ouer euerie booke,
Through al the records of your martyrs looke,
Collect a scroule of al the children slaine
On th' aultars of your gods, vn-toombe againe
your lying legends: run through euery temple,
Amongst your offrings chuse the best exemple,
Amongst the offrings that your fathers past
Haue made, to make their names eternal last;
Amongst them al (fondlings) you shal not find,
A sonne and fire, of such resolved mind:
A sonne and fire, that did so wel agree,
To shew themselves, nor sonne, nor fire to be;
In whom mans zeale, and Gods great pietie,
Seeke counter-conquest in sweet amitie.

One by constraint, his sonne doth sacrifice,
Another meanes to make his name to rise
By such a fact vnto eternitie,
The third to shun some woful miserie,
The fourth that he his manners may conforme
To custome (Tyrant law-lesse and inorme)
Which bleares our eies and duls our senses so
That lady Reason from hir seat must go;
Which blinds the iudgements of the world so far,
That vertu's oft araignd at vices bar.

But vnconstrained, our Abram on a hil
Alone, intends to perpetrate an il
The *Iewes* detest; euen in a time of peace,
When God had blest him with a large increase;
He fights gainst nature (prickt with wondrous zeal)
And slaiyng *Isaac* wars against his weale.

4
O muse that doost not bind thy Poets browes,
Vpon *Pernassus* with base lawrel bowes;
But on mount Sion in the Angels quire,
With glories crownes their holy heads atire;
Tell (for thou knowest) tel me the mysterie,
That doth within this secret shadow lie.

O death, sinne, sathan, quake ye not out-right,
And tremble all for horror, feare and spight;
To see your foile here figurd out so plaine,
And Gods bow bent to cleaue your hart in twaine;
To see yong Isaac patterne of that Prince,
That shal sin, sathan, death and hell conuince.

Both are beloud, both only sonnes (sans mates)
Both holy founders of two mightie states:
Both fires of saints: both beare their cros with pain:
Both gentle lambs do not replie againe:
Both twaine are bound: both free from iniurie:
Both by their fathers are adiudgd to die
Vpon mount Sion; loftie-glorious,
That doth restore the happie key to vs
Of vpper Eden, (lost by Adams wife)
And blessed beares the holy tree of life.

Christ dies (indeed) but Isaac is repriu'd,
Bicause the Lord had otherwise contriu'd;
The bloud of Isaac was to base a price
To free our soules and purge our filthy vice;
Our soules defilde with such foule faults of ours,
Had need be washed with more plentious showres.

FINIS.

C. I.

The



The Ship-wracke of Ionas.

A Safter th'end of long and wearie raine,
The hunny-birds hast from their hiues again,
Sucke here and there, and beare into their bower
The sweetest sap of euery fragrant flower:
So of the towne bescegd each burges hies,
Straight to the tents of feare-fled enimies,
And there such store of corne and wine they pill,
That in one day their hungrie towne they fill:
And th'issuing presse treads down amid the throng
Th'incredule courtiar nice the durt among;
So that (at once) euen both effects agree
Iust with *Elisba's* holy prophesie,

From this schoole parts the prophet *Ametbyte*,
The twise-borne preacher, doctor *Niniuite*.
Go (saith the Lord) go hast thee hence with speed,
To high-wald *Niniu'* and cry out (sans dreed)
Both day and night, yet forty daies to come,
And *Niniue* shall perish all and some.

But gainst th'eternall *Jonas* stops his eare,
And ships himfelse to saile another-where,
Therefore the Lord waxt wroth and threats to lose,
(neere shore) the ship that doth the wretch inclose.

Now *Nereus* foams, and now the wrackful waues,
Toft and turmoild, by angry *Aeol's* slaues,

Do

Do mount & roule, gainst *Thetis* heauen doth fight,
And she (inragde) vsurps on *Rhea's* right.
An aire black, fable, sad, ore-spreads the skies
And reaues all light from wofull sailors cies,
Or if some beams break through their pitchy night,
Tis nought but lightnings flashes ful of fright.

Strike saile the maister cries, strike saile amaine,
Vaile misne and sprit-saile: but the winds constrain,
With boistrous blasts that beate vpon his face,
His sea-shapt speech to fly before their chace.

Of men dismaid the sad confused cries,
Wroath *Neptunes* noise, & bellowing winds likewise
Heauens thunderclaps, the tacklings whistling,
(Strange minstrels) do dire, dreadful descant sing.

The easterne wind driues on the roring traine
Of white-blew billowes, and the clouds againe,
With fresh seas crosse the sea, and she doth send
In counter-change a raine with salt y-blend.
The heauens do seeme in *Thetis* lap to fall,
The sea scale skies, and God to arme this Al
Against one ship that skips from stars to ground,
From waue to waue (like windy *Balloones* bound)
The whilst the Pilot on a foamic mount
Thinks from the Pole to see hels pit profound;
And then cast downe vnto the sandy shole,
Seemes from low hel to see the lofty Pole:
And feeling foes within and eke without,
As many waues, so many deaths doth doubt.
The sea sharp-surgin round about the ship
Vncaukes hir keele and doth hir seames vnrip,

Whereby the waters entring vncontrowld
Ebbing abroad yet flow apace in hold,
For euery tun the plied pompe doth free
A floud breaks in, th'amazed maister hee
His cunning conquerd by the perrill plaines
Doubts what to say or where to turne his raines,
Which waue to meet or which salt surge to flie,
So yeelds his charge in sea to liue or die.

As many cannons gainst a castle bent
Make many holes, and do the rampire rent,
And shake the wal, but yet the latest flock
Of fire-wingd bullets batters downe the rocke:
So many mounts that muster gainst this saile
With roring rage do this poore ship assaile;
But yet the last with foaming fury swolne,
With boistrous blasts of angry tempests bolne,
The main-mast springs, the mast with feareful fall
Breaks downe the deck, and frights the sea-men all.

Like idol pale one stands with armes a-crosse:
One moans himself: one moorns his childrens losse
One more then death, this forme of death affrights:
Another cals on heauens vnuiewed lights:
One fore his eies his ladies looks beholds:
Another thus his fainting feare vnfoldes,
Curst thirst of gold! O how thou causest care,
My bed of downe I change for hatches bare:
Rather than rest, this stormy war I chose
T'enlarge my feelds al liuing land I lose:
Like peiz-lesse plume, borne vp by *Boreas* breth,
With al these wings I sore to seeke my death,

To

To heauen and hel by angry *Neptune* led,
 Where least I scape him al these sailes I spread :
 Then spake another thus. Now sure this storme
 No winds could worke, this *Chaos* new in-forme
 Some rarer cause hath raisd vnto our greefe,
 Some *Atheist* dog, some aultar-spoiling theefe
 Shrowds in this ship : come mates by lots let's trie,
 To saue the rest the man that ought to die.

Tis I (quoth *Jonas*) I indeed am cause
 Of this blacke night, and al the fearefull flawes
 Of this rough winter; I must sole appease,
 By my iust death these salt ship-swallowing seas.
 They take him straight & hed-long down him thro,
 From of the deck into the sea below.

The king of winds cals home his posts againe,
 And *Amphitrite* smooths hir watrie plaine,
 The aire his clouds hath changd to cristal cleere,
 And now the lamps of lightsome heauen appeere,
 So soone as *Jonas* to appease their wrath,
 Was soust in fuds of furious *Neptunes* froath.

He riseth thrise, and then thrise couered
 With wrathful waues that bout him houered
 He sinksto ground, and (rowing (wretch) along
 The seas soft sands, rough rocks, and mud among)
 Euen thus he cries with lips of zealous faith,
 Mercy (my God) shew mercy Lord he saith.
 The Lord that euer heares his childrens wish,
 Prouided straight a great and mighty fish,
 That swilling swallowed *Jonas* in hir wombe,
 A liuing corps laid in a liuing toombe.

Like

Like as a shoole of siluer fishes cleere,
(by some tides currant borne into the weer)
Frisks too and fro, aloft and vnder diues
Fed with false hope to free their captiue liues.
The Prophet so, amazed walkes about
This wondrous fish, to find an issue out:
This fish, the which (though bodied lesse the whale)
In width of wombe giues him no ground at all:
Lamia the learned call this mighty creature,
A kind of whale, of somewhat differing feature.

Where am I Lord (alas) within what vaults?
In what new hell dost thou correct my faults?
Strange punishment! my body thou bereau'st,
Of mother earth that to the dead thou leau'st:
Sure where thy wrath hath cast me I not know,
I am depriud of aire yet breathing blow:
My sight is good yet can I see no skie,
Wretch nor in sea, nor yet a-shore am I:
Resting I runne, for mouing is my caue,
And quick I couch within a liuing graue.
Whilst thus he plained: the third day on the sand
The friendly fishe did cast him safe aland.
And now as if his weary lims had bin
So long refresht and rested at an Inne,
His feet doo fly and com'n to Niniue,
Your sinnes haue reached vp to heauen (quoth he)
Woe, woe to you, already on your heads
Th'eternal God his angry tempests sheds.

Thus *Jonas* preacht. The burgers tucht betimes,
With sence vnfaind of al their filthy crimes,

Dis

-3

Dispatch (in hast) to heauen, *Repentance* sad,
Praier sweetly-charming, *Fasting* hairy-clad.

Repentance makes two riuers of hir eies,
Hir humble face dares scant behold the skies:
Hir broken brest is beaten blew and black,
Hir tender flesh is rent with rugged sack:
With sorrowes snowes hir hoarie-waxen hed,
With ashes pale, and dust is ouer-spred.

Praier's, hat, and sides, and feet are ful of wings,
(Like to th' *Arcadian* which *Iou*'s arrands brings)
Hir body burning, from hir lips doth come,
The smoke of incense, *Nard* and sweet *Amome*.
Fasting (though faint) hir face with ioy she cheeres
In weakenes strong, and yong in aged yeeres,
Quick, health-preseruer, curbing-*Cupids* fits,
Watchfull, purge-humors, and refining-wits.

Faith friendly porter of heauens cristal hold,
Conducts them straight before the throne of gold
Of Gods great grace: where prostrate on hir knee,
Thus *Praier* speaks in name of al the three.

God slow to wrath! O father prone to grace!
Lord sheath againe thy vengeance sword a space:
If at thy beame of iustice thou wilt waigh
The works of men that wander euery day:
If thou their mettall by the touchstone trie,
That feareful-sounding from thy mouth doth fly:
If thou with counters cast their crimes (like sand)
Before thee Lord who shall indure to stand?
Not Niniue alone shal perish then;
But all this All be burnt to ashes clean:

And

9
And euen this day thine anger vehement
Iust shal thy iudgements dreadful day preuent :
This world to *Chaos* shal be brought againe,
And thou want aultars, incense, offrings slaine.

Then in this peoples harts thy law ingraue,
Destroy not Lord, but them vouchsafe to saue,
Cast not thine eie vpon their endlesse ill
But vs regard, or more thy mercy still.

Then God reacht out his hand vnfoldes his frowns,
Dis-arms his arme of thunder brusing-crownes,
Bowes downe his holy hed that flames like fire,
And milde he grants these harrolds hot desire.

Now readers, if your gentle doome shall daigne,
With good aspect to grace my lowly muse:

If you vouchsafe a frendly entertaine,
To these first fruites shee offers to your veiwes:

If you accept these patterns of her paine,
And helpe her faultes with fauour to excuse:

If this first messe doe not your mouthes misleeke,
Your second course shalbe the **SECOND WEEKE.**

Tours **IOSVAH SILVESTER.**

F F N F S.

